

And she takes something with her: Even if it is true that she wears thirteen pairs of cotton panties, even if it is true that between those expensive thighs lies the crotch of a mannequin, even if it is true that she is as unaccessible as a nun she nevertheless stops the day --

Beer goes flat, eight balls disappear, cues wilt in the act of shooting. Clearly, the game is over.

A Family of One

Yesterday I was informed
that I had a cancer.
Do you think that caught
me off guard?

Think again. I knew it
all the time and had, in
fact, informed them. The
medicine men

Pooh-poohed me, but I
knew. I would have known
that cancer anywhere. I
raised it

from birth. Like a child
conceived in wine and haste
it came unwanted but once here
I nurtured it.

Nightly in my closet I bloodied
myself, brought myself to bear
against myself, fed it bruises
and scabs.

Now they tell me I would have
months more to live if I had
been more careful. Piffle. That
is all they know
of motherhood.